

Garden Of Eden

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Summary: Rogue and Gambit are hurled back in time! Wonder what would happen if they met at a ball in London

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~S.

Just a note, () are used when someone is thinking to themselves.

Garden Of Eden

Uh-oh, Rogue and Gambit are hurled back in time to the year of 1820. Wonder what were to happen if they met at a masked ball in London...

She was going to hate it there. From what she heard from her friend, Betsy, the low, gray clouds always made it dreary, and the weather was constantly damp and cold. Why would anyone want to live here? London was the last place where she wanted to be. She felt a bit woozy, so she ventured over to the side of the ship to get some air in her face. Why was she here? Sabine let out a low groan as the ship was tossed again on a high wave. Ah, yes. She had a promise to fulfill to her mother, Raven. Sabine had been given strict instructions before she boarded the ship to England...

"Do you remember how to act?" Raven raised a carefully plucked eyebrow at her daughter.

"When I'm around the nobility, I must be kind and polite," Sabine sighed and rolled her eyes under her lowered eyelids.

"Do not, and I repeat daughter, DO NOT act like the hoyden you have grown accustomed to. You are a lady by birth, and so you must act the part while you are there. Your father would roll in his grave if he saw how you have turned out to be." Her mother crossed her arms over her chest. Raven looked directly at her daughter with her fearsome gray eyes. Sabine could not believe that she was related to this woman. Her cruel streak was unbelievable at times. Once Sabine had to physically put herself in between her mother and a servant. Her mother was prone to beating them. Damned unfair she was. "Sometimes I am glad your father is not alive to see what you have grown into."

"You are glad that he is not alive period," Sabine muttered under her breath. Raven's eyelids shot up, but she held her tongue. Her daughter was just like her father, common and embarrassing. The man never acted his station. He was a lord of the realm, and yet he had forced her to live here in America where peasants were supposedly equal to English nobility. Ha! The very notion!

"Do not embarrass your family name, Sabine. You are to marry a lord and bring honor back to the family," her mother hissed. Raven attempted to be kind by placing her hands on Sabine's drooping shoulders. "We have never had the ability to look in the face of other nobles because of the very fact that we lived among the commoners here in America."

Sabine forced a smile to her face, "I will mother. I promise you that I will."

Raven looked pleased to hear her daughter's pledge. She let Sabine's shoulders out of her grip. Raven's catlike smile returned to her beautiful face. Her straight, raven-black hair cascaded down her back and contrasted strongly with her porcelain skin. Yet Sabine and Raven shared no attributes. Sabine had wavy, auburn hair. Her eyes were a sparkling green, and her skin had always been compared to peaches and cream. Thank God she looked like her father.

"Go daughter. Your uncle will await your arrival Portsmouth. I...will miss you."

Sabine boarded the ship without another word to her mother. She was escaping the woman. She was going on an adventure!

She was hunched over the rail of the ship...getting seasick.

Part 2

That was the absolute last time she was ever going to sail across the ocean! Her stomach was inside out by the time the BlackBird docked at Portsmouth. Sabine practically leapt off the ship. She felt dreadful. Her dress was wrinkled and dirty at the hem, she smelled like the ocean, she still felt queasy, and she was...away from her mother. A smile slowly found its way onto Sabine's pale face. This could not be all that horrid.

"Milady! Lady Sabine! Please wait for me!"

Sabine turned and looked back towards the ship. Her poor maid, Kitty, was stuck behind the rest of the people scrambling to leave the vessel.

"Oh! Ah'm so sorry Kitty, dear! Ah was so happy t'see land that ah forgot about ya!" Sabine started her way back up the plank to grab her distressed maid. "Could ya evah' fo'give me?" Kitty grabbed her hand and held onto her mistress. Sabine cleared the way for her waif of a maid. Dear Kitty, how could she ever get along without her treasured friend?

"Remember to control that accent of yours, Lady Sabine. No proper Englishman could possible want a wife with such common language."

"And since when have you turned into the dreaded Lady Raven?" Sabine chuckled. She did indeed have a southern accent. But all southern belle's had an accent; some even worse than hers!

"I will endeavor to keep the accent under control." She gave a small salute. Kitty sighed and threw up her arms.

"I shall see to the baggage then, milady. Just stay right here and do not leave without me this time. I have never been to England, nor do I wish to be left here alone!" With that, Kitty gave a quick wagging of her finger and went to find their luggage.

Sabine smiled and turned to survey her new surroundings. This place called Portsmouth wasn't so bad: only a few rickety houses, three taverns, a few drunken sailors singing in an alley, and four very elaborately dressed women with enough rouge on to be classified as clowns. And it was only mid-morning. (What a relief!)thought Sabine as she rolled her eyes.

"If only mother could see where I was. She would have a fit," she smiled even wider, revealing her pearl white teeth. "Ah would love to see that."

"See what?" came a man's voice.

"Oh!" Sabine jumped and turned around. She whirled right into someone's chest, a very manly chest at that. She stepped back and looked up at this villain who had scared her. Her breath was taken away. He was handsome. This man had grayer eyes than did her mother, if that were at all possible. He had hair blacker than midnight and a very devilish smile. His hair was cut shorter than was the style, yet it accented his strong jawline and his fierce expressive eyes. Sabine gasped, "Are you Uncle Nathaniel? My mother's brother?"

"And you must be Sabine St. James. It is good to see you," his voice seemed to seep with venom. Sabine's smile faded altogether; this man definantly shared his sister's personality. This was a dreadful predicament. She was hoping to be rid of her mother. Now here she was in the form of a man. Damned luck! Yet Sabine remembered that he was higher in station than she was and immediately curtsied.

"I am most honored to make your acquaintance, Viscount Essex."

"Please," he reached for her hand and brought it to his cold lips, "call me Uncle, dear Sabine. I know that we have never met, but you are still my niece and, for the time being, my ward. I do not wish to have such trivial formalities in the way."

"Thank-you, milord," Sabine quickly removed her hand from his. Her fingers were going numb.

"Well, I have without a doubt that we will get to know each other very well before the Season begins in London. You are quite a beauty, just like your mother. All the ton will be glad to have a new face among them. You will find a husband of my approval quite easily." He almost seemed to hiss when he spoke. Sabine took another cautionary step back.

"I am sorry milord, but as you know in America I did not learn much of England. I haven't the faintest clue as to what the ton is. Will it eat me alive?" Sabine quickly glanced around to see what was taking Kitty so long.

"Understandable, my dear. The ton are the upper crust of English society. I will be sure to remember your lack of education in the future," he drawled.

Sabine looked him directly in the eye. He was actually trying to bait her into an argument, just like her mother. Why, she had a vast amount of knowledge! Her father had sent her to the best private school in Virginia. Just as she was about to hurl a remark about his manners back at him, Kitty appeared.

"Milady! I found our baggage. Some ruffians were trying to give me a hard time, but I showed them! Remember where you taught me to kick them when..."

Sabine quickly interjected, "Kitty! This is the Viscount of Essex, my uncle."

Kitty's face quickly turned to the color of a wild strawberry as she curtsied, "Forgive me your grace! I had no idea!"

"It's quite all right. I understand that American women are quite inferior in their manners when compared to the women of England."

Sabine inhaled a deep breath once more to begin her tirade upon her so-called uncle, when she felt Kitty grip her arm and, almost unnoticeably, shook her head. Well fine, the diatribe could wait. She would get her moment soon.

Essex offered his arm, and, reluctantly, Sabine took it. They began walking towards a carriage across the road with a coat of arms on the door. Undoubtedly, it belonged to the awful man.

"Gregory!" he roared to the coachman, "Get their baggage and be off!" The coachman scrambled down from his perch on the carriage and ran, as if for his dear life, to get the baggage waiting at the base of the planks.

Essex opened the carriage door and helped Sabine in.

"You will go on ahead of me. I have a townhouse in London that is fully prepared for your arrival. The servants shall see to your every whim until I meet you there."

"But where will you be?" Sabine was truly perplexed. She had only met him, and he was already fleeing.

Essex seemed to snarl. He obviously valued his privacy and did not wish to answer to any chit. "I am also a scientist if you did not know. I have colleagues all across England that I must see. Next time do not question a man and his business! It simply isn't done young lady!" With that he gave her a curt bow and marched off into the gathering crowd of townspeople.

Kitty had watched the whole scene from behind the opened carriage door. She harrumphed loudly and waved her tiny balled fist at the evil scientist as he stalked away.

"Why I never!! Men never speak like that to ladies in America! I would like to kick him in the..."

"Kitty! He is just a man. Come in now so that we may get this adventure to London started." Sabine carefully smiled at her tiny friend. Just thinking of Kitty mauling Essex brought a smile to her face. Not all women were blessed with such bravery.

The baggage was finally set into place, everyone was settled, and they were off to London. This wasn't so bad. Sabine looked out her window at the quickly passing sites. Yes, she would definantly turn this into a grand adventure. She smiled just thinking of all the mischief she could cause in the large, English city.

Sabine turned to her maid with a rare sparkle in her emerald eyes, "Well Kitty, I am quite excited!"

Part 3

With a dull gloom in her eyes, Sabine turned to her maid, "Kitty, my bum is sore!" Sabine groaned again. The carriage ride had not been what she expected. Without a minute of rest, the carriage tossed her relentlessly about. Stones peppered the dirt roads which the carriage had sped over with demonic speed. Thank-goodness, after five hours in the carriage, they had finally arrived at the Essex townhouse in London.

The household servants had greeted them timidly. The butler, Smythe, had waited on her hand-and-foot. Sabine pictured him almost as a faithful Great Dane wishing to do everything for her just to receive a small praise. She would quickly have to teach these people what it meant to be equal. These people would barely make a peep or even look at you in the eye. Imagining what Essex had done to them to make them act in such a manner was terrifying.

Over the course of a week, Sabine took over the household and made it her own. The servants were now on a first name basis with her and smiled openly at her whenever she entered a room. They quite liked the idea of being on an equal basis with their employers. Yet Sabine was beginning to wonder what had become of her most disturbing uncle. In no way did she wish for him to return anytime soon, but she did want to venture out into London. And a young lady could not go into an unfamiliar area without an escort at all times. Sabine was itching to get her hands into something. Life meant to be lived! Not sitting on your bum all-day and drinking tea!

"That's it Kitty!"

"Milady?"

"I am venturing out today, and you will have to be my escort. I shall die of tea and crumpet poisoning if I have to stay in this house another day!!" Sabine growled.

"If we were to get caught..."

"What? No one is here to discipline us. Mayhap a stern talking to from Smythe, but we can handle that! Now tell the coachman to bring about the carriage. I wish to see London!"

"Milady?"

"WHAT NOW?!"

"The coachman is not here."

Sabine ground her teeth until she was sure they had turned into stubs.

"Then we'll walk like we did in America! Ah'll get my things t'gether, and ya'll get yo's." Everytime she lost her temper, her accent snuck out. Kitty simply shrugged and gathered her things.

Sabine could not believe the stink in London. Every person that passed her smelled like week old onions. Didn't anyone know of water and soap in London? She kept close to the sidewalks because of the mad traffic of horses and buggies on the streets. People were so impolite here! She wanted to cry. Earlier before she had been walking side-by-side with Kitty when a rude, old man pushed through them, then turned and called them 'buggers.' What were buggers? Damned Englishman! Sabine would have thrown a fist in his direction if it weren't for Kitty.

Sabine had stopped at a few boutiques along the way and picked up some trinkets. They had also passed by a seamstress' shop and had made an appointment for her to come by with the latest styles of dress to prepare Sabine for the Season. Sabine loved shopping! Soon the boxes started piling up, and Kitty and Sabine could barely walk.

"Good Lord, Lady Sabine! What shall we do? I haven't the faintest idea of where the townhouse is!" Kitty stopped and looked around. Sabine dropped her boxes right next to Kitty's load and huffed and puffed from the exertion. She noticed that many fancy dressed men and women had watched them clumsily carry their boxes around. Damned it all! Sabine looked around for assistance. At least in America there would be plenty of men willing to help her. Of course, now there were none in sight.

"So be it," Sabine muttered. She pushed through the crowd milling around the sidewalk and tramped up to the side of the busy road. There had to be a hack around here somewhere. Ah! There was one coming up the road now. Sabine rushed out into the road to wave him down before anyone else did.

"Suh'! Ov'ah here!" she waved frantically to the driver. Suddenly she heard screaming.

"MILADY!! Get out of the way!" Kitty shrieked.

"GET OUT OF THE WAY!" boomed a voice.

Sabine turned. A black stallion was galloping her way with it's rider desperately trying to stop the horse. It was too late...

Sabine closed her eyes and prayed, "Please ah don't want t'die."

End
file.